

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXI.—No. 12. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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MADONNA OF THE LAMB—RAPHAEL

Leaves are the Greek, flowers the Italian, phase
of the spirit of beauty that reveals itself through
the flora of the globe. T. STARR KING.

A man who is proud of small things shows that
small things are great to him. MME. DE GIRARDIN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THIS man whose homely face you look upon
Was one of nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles
won,
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.

Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor; and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human
heart.
Wise, too, for what he could not break he
bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dis-
mayed.

Hold, warriors, councillors, kings!—all now give
place
To this dear benefactor of the race.
R. H. STODDARD.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

LITTLE Margaret looked wistfully out into
the street, where some boys and girls of
her own age were busily and happily
playing in the snow. The sun was shining, just
for all the world as if it knew that this was George
Washington's birthday and a holiday. The
snow had been so obliging as to fall thickly,
softly, heavily, all the preceding night, furnishing
at once an armory for mimic battles and the
material for most delightful impromptu statuary.

The dense white softness, the rushing figures,
grew blurred as tears filled Margaret's eyes. She
had been suffering from a bad cold, and her
mother had bidden her keep the house. Oh, it
was hard! "We're Greeks!" "And we're
Trojans!" shouted some of the children, whose
teacher had talked to them of mythology.

They formed on two lines and flung snowballs
right valiantly.

Nearer to Margaret, in the front garden of the
house next door, three little girls, directed by
one big boy, were fashioning, not a snow man,
but a snow maiden,—graceful, beautiful!

"I will go! I must!" cried Margaret.
"Mother's gone out, and—oh, I must!"

She hurried on coat, muffler, leggings, rubbers,
tied her fur-lined bonnet under her chin, and
went out—the back way!

But to her surprise there stood Jane, the
servant,—Jane, who had been with her mother
for ten years, and who was even stricter!

"Did your mamma say you might go out,—

For Every Other Sunday.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY S. E. FARISH.

In a forest in Ungarn
Little pine-trees weep in winter,
Lonely in the cold of winter;
And they know the flowers and
bees

Sweetly sleeping are and warm,
In the sunny South the birds
Dwell protected from the storm.

As the pine-trees mournful sigh,
Comes the Wind with haste and
rustling,
Grandly through the forest rust-
ling,
Bears their voices in his journey
Onward to Judea, the land
Where the lovely Christ-child lives,
Guarded by an angel band.

The Christ-child hears the voices,
With deep grieving for their
mourning,
For the gloom that makes their
mourning.

"Ye must help some fellow-being,
Ye will then gain help," said he;
And the wind takes to the pine-trees
This his message, o'er the sea.

And the pine-trees now begin
Helping others by their shelter,
Spreading branches for warm shelter,
Call stray birds to eat their seedlings,
And gain warmth in their arm-branches,
Shelter from the frost and cold.
Ah, the birds sing in their branches!

In Judea the Christ-child hears
Of the little pine-trees' helping,
Of their cheerful, kindly helping;
And he comes to them with blessing,
Saying: "Ye have done your best.
Always shall the joy of giving
Be thine own. Ye prove the test."

Ever since that winter time
Have the pine-trees given comfort,
Given joy and wholesome comfort
In the coming of the Christmas
And the bright, future New Year;
And the Wind will guide the message
From the pine-trees to us here.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE CLEARING SPRING

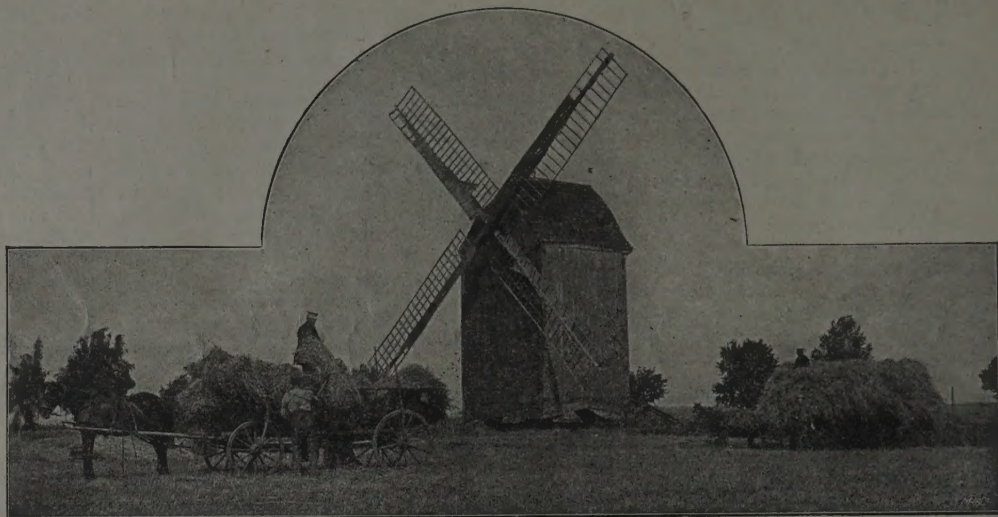
BY ROBERT WARD.

"WHAT is the matter with you this morning, Jamie? You are as glum as an old camel! You are not the least bit good company. Whenever I say anything to you, you snap back or scowl. I feel just like throwing a cup of cold water into your face to take out the sour."

Gladys stamped her foot, and looked so much like a tiny thunder-storm that Jamie disappeared. He usually did when his sister put her foot down in that fashion.

"I don't care, there is no sense in Jamie's acting so. I'd rather he'd fight with me out and out than to be so grumpy."

Brother and sister were fond of each other, but once in a while Gladys' temper came into lively battle with Jamie's sulks. For the little children were not angels. They were human children, and made mistakes sometimes. But you could not help loving them.



THE OLD WINDMILL

That evening, during the children's hour, papa sat on the big couch-sofa with Jamie curled up on one side, and Gladys on the other.

"Do you remember, Jamie, that spring we visited last summer in the country, and how your dog Larry jumped into it, and lay down in it, and made it all muddy?"

"Yes," said the little boy, "but the spring kept coming out of the ground, and we didn't have to wait long before it was all clear again."

"Good!" said his father. "That spring is running just as gayly as it was last summer. I am reminded of a little history in the life of a boy I once knew which was like the muddying and clearing of this spring. This boy, whom we shall call Robin Hayward, was one of seven children on a big dairy farm in the West, where one hundred cattle had to be taken care of in the summer, and fifty in the winter.

"He was only ten years old, but he could milk four or five cows every night and morning. He and each of his brothers and sisters must do something to help. Sometimes, as he was milking, he would sing snatches of songs he had learned in Sunday School; but, one winter, milking in the morning failed to bring the mood for singing, for Robin's older brother George decided that he would do his stint of milking before breakfast.

"Robin felt that he must surely do his if George did. But, oh, how sleepy he was in the morning when the alarm went off! How glum and sullen he felt as he scrambled into his clothes, and trudged in the dark and cold the seven minutes' walk through the woods, and across Cedar Creek on a log, over to the cheese factory, and the great corral where the cows were kept!

"He did not want to speak or be spoken to. He just felt glum, and that was the whole of it. But he would go ahead and do his stint if his brother did.

"There was no shelter. The cows had to stay out in the open corral all night; and the boys had to milk the five cows apiece, in the cold, in stanchions, without any cover.

"Sometimes George would milk six, and Robin four. How the hands would tingle between times! although in milking they were warm. In the coldest weather, Robin's mood to which I referred was not improved much, as his feet began to ache with the cold. He

would run and kick them against the stone wall of the barn where hay and grain and little calves were kept.

"When the cold work was done, the two boys hurried home to the warm fire and breakfast.

"Robin let himself feel mean for a good many mornings, but by and by he said to himself: 'There is no sense in being so glum, making myself and everybody who speaks to me uncomfortable. I am going to keep on doing my part of the work in the morning as early as George does, and I am going to keep good-natured about it, too.'

"Whether George noticed much difference in his little brother or not, I do not know. He was not inclined to talk very much when there was any work to be done. One thing I know, Jamie, and that is this: Robin Hayward found that he could show, even in hard work, a sunny instead of a grumpy mood.

"I have been asked, Gladys" (she herself may have asked papa the question), "'What is it that makes a boy very attractive sometimes and very much the reverse at others?' and I have answered, 'It is because he shows very different moods to his companions,'—as different as a log, charred in the fireplace, is from a clean white birch.

"Now a log cannot help its appearance. The boy can. Robin Hayward was a boy who did. He began by sending Master Grumpy Mood on his way; and, whenever the ugly fellow did get in, he quickly turned him out into the land of Nowhere, where he belongs."

"Why, papa," said Jamie, "I think Robin was a good deal like me, only I don't have to get up before breakfast and milk cows, as they do in the country. I am afraid I haven't turned Master Grumpy Mood out of doors yet; but I am going to, and I think I can keep him out. If he ever does come in, I shall send him to Nowhere in a hurry."

"I think, then," Jamie said the father, "that you want to be like the little spring which nothing can keep muddy long."

"O papa, I am so glad I am going to have a sunny Jamie to play with!" And Gladys jumped off the sofa, and ran over to her dolls. Then papa and Jamie jumped up, and she ran back to her little brother, and gave him a good hug.

Anger blows out the lamp of the mind. In the examination of a great and important question every one should be serene, slow-pulsed, and calm.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

For Every Other Sunday.

A BIRD'S SONG

BY GEORGIA E. BENNETT.

A BIRD alit
On the top-most bough;
Just ready to flit,
He sings and swings
On the brink of things.

Blue sky above, green earth below,
What cares he what winds may blow?
Confident, comfortable, courageous mite,
Ready for rest, ready for flight,
With the power of God-given wings.

Thanks to the bird!
To the song heard!
For a moment's breath
'Twixt birth and death
We pause on the brink of things.

Let the bright sun shine or the great winds blow,
We are content, for this we know,
As well as the bird the song he sings:
Whether passed in peace or passed in strife,
Life is good, and this is life.

For Every Other Sunday.

A GOLDEN RULE GIRL.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

THE bright March sunlight shone upon a very happy little girl that morning, as Evelyn Gardner threw up the window and looked out on the frosty world. Everything glittered with its icy coating "to match my birthday cake," she merrily told her mamma, as she gave her a good-morning kiss.

Three times nine kisses and playful ear-pullings she had to submit to from papa, mamma, and little Joe; for this was her ninth birthday. She danced in excitement about the breakfast table, for there were several mysterious-looking little packages under her plate, and she could scarcely wait till the blessing was asked before pouncing upon them.

"Oh, oh! isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed, holding up a dainty little pocket-book. "And twenty-five cents in it, too!" she discovered as she eagerly snapped it open.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," she read, as she opened another package. "Just what I wanted!"

"And here's two dear little handkerchiefs, And what can this be?" she queried, as she unrolled a tiny package and a little blue box appeared. Inside, on its white satin cushion, lay a bright silver thimble. Evelyn capered about the room in her delight; for she dearly loved to sew, and made dresses by the dozen for her dollies, and this was just what she had longed for.

It seemed too bad that a little girl must go to school on her birthday; but, as the committee did not close school on that account,—there were so many little girls with birthdays that holidays would have been too plentiful,—Evelyn skipped away with the others, and tried to be patient till four o'clock, when eight other little girls skipped home with her to have a nice time and share her birthday cake and see her presents.

The "ohs!" and "ahs!" were many, especially over the cunning little thimble which each one must try on; and Evelyn was very



A MERRY PICNIC PARTY

happy in her pretty pink dress with its two tiny ruffles and loops of ribbon for trimming.

But birthdays, like other days, must come to an end; and mamma tucked her little girl, very tired, but very happy, into her little white bed, to go to sleep and dream her good times all over again.

The next time Evelyn looked at her presents she found the little blue box empty, the bright new thimble was gone! A hurried search was made for it on the piano and the floor, and then Evelyn, in fright, ran to her mamma with the sad news, her eyes brimming with tears.

Mamma comforted her by saying that it must be there somewhere, and together they looked into every corner, in things and under them, but no thimble could be found.

"I don't care, it's real mean!" Evelyn burst out with tears and sobs. "The very bestest

best of all my presents! I know somebody took it! They all wanted it, and now it's gone! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she wailed. And she began going over in her mind the names of the little girls who had been at the little party.

"There, I just know who it was! It was Jeannie Morgan. She never had anything half so nice in all her life, and she took it. So there!" And Evelyn's face blazed angrily. She did not look at all like the little girl whose birthday had made her so happy.

She caught mamma's eye just then. Her face was very sober as she stopped in her search to look at her stormy little daughter.

"Why do you suspect Jeannie any more than one of the others?" she questioned quietly.

"Why—'cause—she's poor, and she wears old clothes. Her dress was all faded out,—and—then, she don't have any pretty things hardly.

"Course she wanted it. But I'm going to have it back, so there!" And the tears broke forth afresh.

Mamma drew the little girl down into her lap and cuddled her a moment, and, when the tears began to come more slowly, she said:

"What kind of a girl is Jeannie in school? Does she play or study?"

"Why, mamma, she is one of the best scholars in the room! Teacher always says she can always trust Jeannie to know her lessons. She's lots better than Ida Lovell,—though Ida has awful pretty dresses, and her hair curls so nice."

Mamma put up her hand to hide a smile, but said seriously:

"Then Jeannie is a trusty girl, is she?"

"Oh, yes, mamma."

"Well, if you were a trusty little girl at school, always trying to do your best, how do you suppose you would feel if one of your little friends should suspect you of stealing just because you wore a faded dress?"

"Stealing, mamma! I didn't really think of it like that. But who did take it if she didn't? Somebody did, and I want it!" And she began to sob again.

"Now, Evelyn, be quiet, and I will talk with you."

Evelyn swallowed her sobs and wiped her eyes.

"The little thimble is gone: we cannot find it. But still it may have slipped behind something or hidden away somewhere, and by and by it will appear. Now try to think how you would feel if you should be one of eight little girls who had been at a party and one of the presents had disappeared. Should you like to feel that you were suspected of taking it?"

"No—o, mamma; but"—

"Well, now the kindest way to do, and the very best way I think, is to try to carry out the Golden Rule. I do not think for one minute that Jeannie, such a sturdy, honest, little Scotch lassie as she is, would take anything that was not hers, or any of the others, either. So the best way to do is not to say anything about it, but just wait patiently: it will come, I feel sure."

"But I want it now, mamma. Will it do any harm just to ask Jeannie and the others?"

"What would that mean to them, my dear? It would mean that you thought somebody had stolen it, wouldn't it? Would that be kind?"

Evelyn wiped her eyes hard, and twisted her handkerchief nervously.

"There, my dear little girl, mamma has told you how it looks to her. Now go to your room and think it over for fifteen minutes, and then come and tell me what you have decided."

Evelyn walked slowly upstairs, and shut herself in her room to think.

When the fifteen minutes had passed, she came skipping downstairs again with a bright and sunny face, the clouds all rolled away.

"It's all right, mamma. You and I will have it for a secret, and I won't tell anybody my thimble's lost at all. But there's kind of an ache in my heart, mamma, truly."

Mamma kissed the little tear-stained face, and with a loving hug said:

"It will all come out right, I'm sure, dearie, and you are mamma's brave little girl. You have made me very happy, and here's a sunshine bag for you," handing her a paper bag into which Evelyn peeped, and, laughing merrily, ran away to share the sunshine, in the shape of sugar cubes and animal crackers, with her little playmates.

Day after day went by and the thimble did

not appear. Evelyn kept her secret with her mamma, and not one of the little girls suspected that she had one.

Easter Sunday dawned clear and beautiful, and the church was bright with flowers. In the evening Evelyn was to recite in an exercise with some of her little friends, and she took out her pretty pink dress from the drawer where it had lain so safely ever since her birthday. She gave it a little shake to straighten the ruffles and ribbons, and, to her astonishment, out dropped her thimble which had been tucked away so carefully in the folds, and was as bright as ever.

In great excitement she ran to her mother, her eyes shining with delight, and mamma shared her happiness.

"O mamma, how glad I am that we kept the secret! Just s'pos'n' I had said anything to the girls, how mean I should feel now!" she exclaimed as she brought out the little blue box and laid the thimble on its satin bed.

"The Golden Rule is a pretty good rule to go by, don't you think so?" her mamma said with a loving hug, and Evelyn replied softly:

"I believe I'll try it every time, mamma. This thimble will remind me to be a Golden Rule girl. Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!"

THE LAW OF LOVE.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run,
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But, if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,
Such is the law of love

R. C. TRENCH.

For Every Other Sunday.

IN FEBRUARY.

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

"Ah! lend me your little ear, love!
Hark! 'tis a beautiful thing!
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest and nearest spring."

A HAPPY family of bright-eyed children live upon a large farm. Neighbors are not very near. The church, school-house, and post-office are two miles distant.

Some days in winter the snow is piled so high in drifts that they cannot reach school. Directed by their wise mother, they early learned to develop the resources surrounding them.

And they find that in February:

The meadow sedge is as interesting in winter as the flowers in summer.

That the meadow mouse occasionally burrows up through the snow, and peeps out to see if spring is here.

Sometimes the toe-nail marks of the fox can be seen through the snow.

Quails come to the barnyard for food after snowstorms.

Partridges make themselves soft beds by burrowing two or three feet in snow banks.

Otters can be tracked in the snow.

Nuthatches are merry in the leafless shrubbery, and blue jays are now the noisiest birds in the woods.

The earliest spring flower may be found this

month in the meadows,—the purple spathes of the skunk cabbage.

The bark of the trees begins to brighten, and the sun makes the willow stems red and yellow. Squirrels are very happy.

Bluebirds stray into the fields this month, robins hop out of their cedar-swamp houses, and the chickadee is very much at home.

The mid-day sun is warm.

The pussy willows are very furzy, and the apple-tree buds are swelling.

Grass begins to green under the fences and near the house on the south side.

It is not difficult to trace some of the observations mentioned. Any child whose surroundings are favorable may learn to observe, and he will be delighted to find the truth in nature.

The woodpeckers that stay in the forest all winter may be both seen and heard in February.

Rabbits are numerous now. They have changed their yellow-brown summer coat to a grizzly gray winter garment.

The evergreens begin to look dull, and the snow buntings have gone north.

Thoreau calls February the "gulf stream" of winter.

Sunsets begin to grow gorgeous.

It is raining. The farmers say this is a sign that winter is gone.

The ice on the river is broken, and the water looks black and cold.

The sun is higher now, the snow is melting fast, and in sunny spots the ground is bare and soft. Soon the birds that went South will begin to return.

February is the last winter month. February 2 is Candlemas Day. February 12 is Lincoln's birthday. February 14 is St. Valentine's Day. February 22 is Washington's birthday.

I have mentioned some of the February observations these children found. Each has a book in which to copy what they discover and what interests them.

February is particularly a month in which they delight in poetry. Short poems about the month are pasted in their book of clippings,—pictures of poets and brief sketches of their lives. In this way they are adding a fund of information to their stock of knowledge that will one day pay large premiums.

How many beautiful memory gems can you think of for February?

For Every Other Sunday.

A SWEET-PEA PARTY.

BY LAURA F. ARMITAGE.

IT was Aunt Kate who thought of it, and the twins clapped their hands when they heard of it.

They had never before heard of a "sweet-pea party." Neither had Aunt Kate. But it was the sight of the two little girls in their sun-bonnets—one pink and one violet—that made her think of it. "They look like sweet-peas," she had said to mamma, and just then the twins had come running to mamma to ask if they might have a party on their birthday: for Ruth Belcher had had one the week before, and they had never, never had one.

To be sure they had always had something nice on their birthday, for it was two birthdays together. Sometimes it had been a birthday cake or a pretty gift, sometimes a visit to their aunt. But now they were getting to be quite old. Would they not be six on the first day of August?—and they did so wish to have a party!

Mamma smiled in a way that almost meant

"Yes" and said, "How many little folks would you wish to invite?"

"Just six," answered Edith, "because we shall be six years old,—six little girls. O mamma, please say 'yes!'"

"Very well," said she, "you may ask six little friends. And what will you do to entertain them? It will probably be too warm to play in the house."

"Oh, Aunt Kate will tell us what to do," said Eleanor, "for she always thinks of nice things to do."

"We don't want to do just what they did at Ruth's party last week," they said. "We want something different."

And then Aunt Kate, who had been thinking, said, "Why not have a sweet-pea party?"

Their eyes opened wide. "What's that?" they asked.

"Well," said Aunt Kate, "to begin with: ask them all to wear their sun-bonnets, which make me think of the sweet-pea blossoms. Then, after playing games on the lawn, you might take them into the garden, which is always shady in the afternoon, to pick sweet-peas. Mamma's vines are just loaded with them."

"But there wouldn't be much fun in that," said Edith, "for Ethel has some in her own garden, and so have Ruth and Doris and the others."

"But I don't mean to pick flowers for themselves," said their aunt. "Do you not think it would be nice to carry them to some people who have no gardens or who are sick?"

"Yes," said Eleanor. "There is old Mrs. Ellis, who cannot leave her room. I gave her some buttercups once, and she said she loved flowers."

"And Edna Barnard," said Edith. "She is in our class at school and has been sick a long time. I don't know where she lives, but some of the girls will know."

"I can find others, I think, who would be glad to have them," said mamma, "and I would rather have you celebrate your birthday by making somebody else happy than in any other way."

So the six little girls were invited to a sweet-pea party to be held the next week. The invitations were written on cards, on each of which Aunt Kate had painted a sweet-pea blossom. The twins asked each little girl, when they left the cards, to wear her sun-bonnet.

"But what is a sweet-pea party?" the girls asked.

"Come and see," they said.

The day was fair. The six guests came in white dresses and sun-bonnets,—some pink, some blue, violet, or white. They played for an hour on the shady lawn. Then they went to the garden, and each gathered as many sweet-peas as her hands could hold. Aunt Kate tied them up loosely and put them in water.

Then they went to the piazza where a little table was spread. The tablecloth was edged with sweet-peas, and beside each plate was a little bunch of the same. In the centre was a pretty birthday cake with sweet-peas all around it. There was ice-cream, too,—pink and white,—and other good things, and they had a nice feast.

At six o'clock, when it had grown cooler, Aunt Kate said, "Now we will go for a walk and take our flowers with us."

The twins, with mamma's help, had thought of eight people who might be glad to have some

flowers. When they told the other children about it, they, too, were much pleased.

They were a pretty sight as they went tripping down the street, eight little girls in white dresses, and dainty bonnets, each carrying a huge bunch of sweet-peas.

They went, first, to old Mrs. Ellis' house, and her happy smile and glad thanks made them all feel happy. Then to Edna Barnard, who was glad to see the girls as well as the flowers; for she had been sick a long time and was not yet well enough to play. Next to a little boy with a broken leg, who had been in bed several weeks.

Then to a feeble old man, who was sitting on his doorstep, leaning on his cane. He smiled so kindly at them, and seemed so glad to see them, though they had never seen him before. "Your eight flowers are very sweet, and have done me good," he said to Aunt Kate, as they went away. The children wondered if he did not know how to count; for there were many, many more than eight flowers in his bunch.

And so they went on until the flowers were gone. It was dusk when they returned, all feeling very happy.

"It has been a lovely party," said Ruth Belcher, "but I think the last part was the best."

"So do we," said all the others.

WHEN Lincoln was a boy, he had five books. These were the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Æsop's Fables," a history of the United States, and Weems' "Life of Washington."

For Every Other Sunday.

AN ODD FELLOW WHO LIVED IN A BOX.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

IT was such a nice old woods! In one spot the ground was spongy and moist, and the moss that formed a mat at the foot of the trees growing there was thick and soft and brightly green. A little brook used to run along just at this place; but there were so many dead leaves and twigs and nut shells that it grew discouraged and did not care to force its way through. Then it sank into the ground, where it was lost to the upper world.

Right at this particular spot stood a large toad, taking forty leaps for its morning exercise, because the weather was growing chill, and, not being a warm-blooded creature at best, she needed something of an active nature to stir up her circulation.

Suddenly Madam Toad landed on what seemed to be a curiously marked stone; but it wasn't, for it quickly rose up, and a scaly head, tail, and legs thrust themselves out.

It was a turtle, and a very cross one at that. "I don't see why I can't take at least one nap a day in peace without some silly creature trying to tumble all over me," growled the fellow in the box.

The toad snapped up a fat ant that was scurrying past, then, meekly looking into the red-rimmed eyes, said: "I'm sure I beg your pardon; but how could any one know that a living thing was hiding in that queer box! It's a nice shelter, though. I wish I had one. Pray, where did you pick it up?"

"Pick it up?" sneered the turtle. "Really, you are very stupid not to know anything about a family as old and aristocratic as the one to which I belong."

"This box, as you call it, is really my skin hardened into horn or shell. Inside the upper

part you will find my backbone and ribs flattened and fastened firmly by bits of bone near the bottom. I have another shell beneath my body, and there are joints at the bottom, so I can draw up the under parts all around the edge of my box. Fine way to keep folks from bothering me when I get ready for my winter's nap."

"Dear, dear, how interesting!" said the toad. "I wish you would tell me more about yourself. It is just as good as a story. How do you breathe?"

"Like you do," answered the turtle, who had recovered his good-humor, and felt flattered that some one found him interesting.

"You have no ribs, and mine are fixed tight in my upper shell, so both of us have to shut our mouths and swallow the air we have caught until we get enough."

"That's one thing in common," replied the toad, "so I must be a little bit aristocratic, too. What about your relations. Are they all like you?"

"Oh, no, they vary in kind just like toads. There is the green turtle, so called on account of the color of its fat, living in the tropical seas. It is used for food; and at night, when it leaves the ocean to lay its eggs in the sand, it is captured and eaten."

"A man and a boy come down here very often. The man is old and wise, wears shining things over his eyes, and carries a book in his hand. He tells the boy such strange stories. I heard him say that at Mozambique they tie a cord to a sort of sucking-fish, then let it swim away in the sea. It fastens itself on the first turtle it meets and holds it tight, until both fish and turtle are drawn in to the shore."

"The boy calls this man professor. One morning he took a paper out of his pocket and read about the Hawk's-bill turtle, whose shell is made up of plates that overlap each other like tiles on the roof of a house. From this they get the tortoise-shell for combs, buttons, and ornaments of different kinds."

"If not wantonly murdered, our family live to a good old age, and some of them weigh 700 or 800 lbs."

"Who sits on the turtle eggs and hatches them out?" asked the toad.

"Nobody," replied the turtle. "That would be a waste of time. I saw that old hen by the swamp. She took three precious weeks to keep those eggs warm, until they turned into fluffy chickens. Our mothers make a hole in the sand if they happen to be at the seashore, lay their eighty or one hundred eggs, cover them up well, and let the sun do the rest of the work."

"You ought to see those cute little turtles scampering down to the sea. They have to go lively; for the birds are always hanging round, and eat as many as they can catch."

Rustle, rustle, rustle, somebody was coming through the dry leaves. "The professor!" squeaked the turtle. "Hustle for your life. He's always after things."

One leap, and the toad was hidden among the weeds close to the marsh.

The turtle shuffled clumsily along to the hollow log behind the big tree. There it waited with fear and trembling until the man who was "after things" passed by, stuffing in his bottle a curious beetle that was crawling right in front of the hollow log where the turtle had taken refuge.

"Such an escape!" cried the turtle. "It might have been me."

For Every Other Sunday.

THE WAY TO FAIRYLAND.

BY BEATRICE ERSKINE.

To Fairyland, to Fairyland! Ah, bonny little child!

You plead so very wistfully, with sweet alighted eyes.

I'd like to show you Fairyland, but it is very far Across the hills of Dreamland, toward the purple-tinted skies!

To Fairyland, to Fairyland! Ah, yes, if I were you,

I'd try to make my Fairyland right here and ever mine.

I'd make my dreams realities, and all my dream-ings real,

And that way I'd find Fairyland and keep it all the time.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

ONCE more let us remember what a month of inspiration February is. Unlock its treasures, good teacher, and share them with the members of your class.

So doing, the example of Washington shall shine again with all its guiding power. And the memory of Lincoln, the most picturesque character of the Civil War, can renew its charm and exert its influence.

February has other great names to its credit: search and find for yourself. Here is an opportunity to make the Sunday-School session interesting. It were well if a general exercise for the whole school could be held, with a speaker to give point to the subject of "The American Spirit." Or another theme would be in place, "God in Modern History."

The reader will find some articles in this number bearing on the subject. In past years we have published pictures and portraits.

Reverence for the noble past fosters the religious spirit. Admiration for good men consecrates character.

For Every Other Sunday.

LINCOLN'S WISDOM.

BY SARAH E. GANNETT.

DID you ever try the scheme, when you are very angry with a person for some cause, and feel as if you must give him or her a good talking to about it, of writing it all out in a letter? I have done so many a time, but I never send the letter as soon as it is written. I always lay it aside until the next day, and by that time my anger has cooled, my judgment has cleared, and I generally see things in a far different light; and my letter, torn into a thousand bits, goes into the waste-basket. I do not claim originality for this method, although I practised it long before I heard the following story which, perhaps, you have all heard:

The trick was used by Abraham Lincoln with his Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. Stanton had been exasperated by the conduct of one of the generals in the field. He complained of him to President Lincoln, and said that he was "going to give it to him hot." "That's right," said Lincoln. "Write him a letter and tell him just what you think of him. Make a clean breast of it."

Secretary Stanton wrote his letter, fuming

all the while, and showed it to the President. Then he folded it, and was about to enclose it in an envelope. President Lincoln watched him, and at length asked, "What are you going to do with that letter?"

"Why, I am going to send it to him, of course," answered Stanton.

"Oh, no," said Lincoln, "put it in the waste-basket. You never ought to send a letter of that kind. You've got the thing off your mind now. Let it drop."

HOME STUDY CLUB.

Answers to these questions are invited from any and all sources, and should be in the Editor's hands not later than three weeks from the date of the publication of the questions. The names of the successful competitors will be announced at the end of the year, when three prizes will be awarded. To the top of the list a fine heliotype reproduction of Joshua Reynolds' "Angels' Heads," size 22 x 28 inches; second prize, J. F. Millet's "The Angelus," heliotype, 22 x 28; third prize, "Madonna and Child," by Gabriel Max, heliotype, 22 x 28. This department will be a monthly feature of the present volume.

29. Among the many familiar phrases of Abraham Lincoln, the following are, perhaps, two of the best-known and most often quoted. When was each said, and what was the occasion in each instance?

(a) Government of the people, by the people, for the people.

(b) With malice toward none, with charity for all.

30. When was the Emancipation Proclamation issued?

31. Why is New York called the Empire State?

32. Where was "Tara's Hall," and for what was it used?

33. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country-men" was said by whom and when?

34. (a) What was the date of Washington's first inauguration? (b) Where was it?

35. Who gave the following definitions of prose and poetry: "Prose, words in their best order; poetry, the best words in their best order"?

Answers

To questions published Jan. 14, 1906.

22. Lord Bacon.

23. The totem always represents an animal and is the family symbol. The legend is that the beasts of prey had become more powerful than man. The Sun-Father granted the supplications of his children and turned the animals into stone. The Sun-Father said to the beasts, "By the magic breath of prayer, by the heart that shall endure forever within you, shall ye be made to serve instead of devour mankind."

24. The order of the nobility of Denmark, corresponding to the Order of the Garter in England.

25. Unsatisfactory pleasures.

26. Statue of Bavaria, in the suburbs of Munich.

27. Sir Christopher Wren. That the grand cathedral itself is a monument of Sir Christopher Wren, as he was the architect.

28. John Adams proposed it to the Secretary of Congress. An eminent English antiquarian suggested it to John Adams.

LETTER-BOX.

ENIGMA XII.

I AM composed of 24 letters.

My 6, 16, 4, 8, 9, are used to express ideas.

My 8, 2, 24, 20, 5, is an officer of the United States Navy.

My 1, 11, 17, 23, 12, is given to heroes.

My 13, 14, 4, 23, 17, 2, is a seat of state.

My 15, 7, 10, 5, 20, 12, is a professional man.

My 5, 2, 21, 22, 11, 6, is a color.

My 19, 7, 3, 18, 9, are pointed teeth.

My whole is a poet who was born in this month.

L. M. B.

NAMES OF AUTHORS.

Tsoot. Rwhohaten. Apeskesarhae. Twihetri. Ngnwblo. Odlimm. Totcal. Yntneno. - Rtgansae. Glpkiin. Khtaceyar. Vgniri. FRIDA PAUSTIAN.

EIGHT BURIED FLOWERS.

IN summer I rise early to enjoy a walk, but, while I was out this morning, the dog stole the cat's dinner so slyly. Frederic, love, ring the bell! No, mamma, Ada is younger than I, let her do it while I play the piano, organ, bass viol, et cetera. That's a good little sister, you shall sleep in Kate's bed to-night; but that cape on your shoulders is not straight, and remember it says in your book, "Strive not to be clever! Be natural, my dear."

ORIGINAL ARITHMETIC.

EXAMPLE: What number becomes even by subtracting one? Answer: S-even.

(a) What number by adding one becomes sound?

(b) What number by adding one becomes isolated?

(c) What number by inserting one becomes finely ground meal? (d) What number by subtracting one becomes a vegetable growth? (e) What number by subtracting one becomes a preposition? (f) What number by subtracting one becomes an exclamation?

RIDDLE.

WHAT English word in common use will describe a person or thing as not to be found anywhere, and yet, with no alteration than a separation of the syllables, will correctly describe him or it as being present at this moment?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 10.

ENIGMA XI.—Actions speak louder than words.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS.—1. Wintergreen. 2. Pithier plant. 3. Horseradish. 4. Juniper. 5. Artichoke. 6. Chicory. 7. Valerian.

*WHO WAS THIS WOMAN?—Rebekah. (The fifth line in this puzzle is incorrect.)

A RIDDLE IN RHYME.—Bark.

CONUNDRUM XII.—The voice.

Correct answers to some of the puzzles in No. 10 have been received from Pearl E. Wright, East Lexington, Mass.

*This was taken from a leading paper and reprinted without examination, supposing such a source would be accurate.

GUILTY consciences make men cowards.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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